

C H A P T E R F I F T E E N

The Scottish American Memorial made a striking impact in the sunlight, as one entered the Prince's Gardens that morning. The main figure was a young lad dressed in the kilts of his ancestors, and seated, was relaxed, with his army rifle resting across his knees. The rapt expression on his face, and the intense gaze of his eyes were focused on the Edinburgh Castle high above the gardens, as if receiving "The Call" in answer to his country's need, and echoed in the marching files of recruits following the Scottish Bag Pipe Band shown in the sculptured frieze in the background.

The St. Andrews Society of Scotland and the City of Edinburgh Officials in conjunction with the St. Andrews Society of Philadelphia had made the plans to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the monument dedicated as a "tribute from men of Scottish blood and sympathies in America to Scotland".

The Scottish Band of the Queen's Own Highlanders supplied the music for the service which was conducted by the Rev. Thomas C. Cuthell of St. Cuthberts, and the Rev. Richard C. Halloway of Old St. Paul's Scottish Episcopal Church. The theme of the address was taken from the title of the monument "The Call" as it would be extended to the youth of to-day.

The wreathlaying finalized the ceremony. The sergeant of the Guard of Honour marched smartly to stand in front of you, clicked his heels at attention, then out popped his arms to hand you your wreath of poppies. Thus startled you proceeded to your designated area.

The Lord Provost, the right Honourable Kenneth Borthwick was first in line, followed by the American Ambassador Kingman Brewster. Lt. Colonel D.T. Cottingham did the honours for the Canadian High Commission, and Major "Jamie" Leys, former owner of the Mill of Kintail, for the Canadian Legion. On my left was a Canadian Officer blinded in the last war, who happened to have been nursed at St. Dunstons by two members of my St. John Ambulance Eaton Nursing Division from Toronto. It was a happy meeting. Thirteenth, and last on the list, was the only woman "Mrs. Barron", on behalf of the sculptor. My two little miniature medals pinned on my Canadian Maple Leaf Tartan, shone brightly in contrast to the many rows of decorations worn by the heavily laden British General, and the other officials and titled dignitaries present.

Fifty-two years ago, I had watched Tait completing the clay model of this great bronze soldier before me. In his studio, we had experimented with a differently turned head, and another bent arm on the clay figure, then we would stand back, scan it all most critically, to decide which piece we preferred, and why. I could readily see now, that he had chosen most wisely.

I was steeped in nostalgia, when suddenly there was a resounding click of heels made directly in front of me, and a wreath thrust into my hands, which triggered me into my present immediate duty. I walked as smartly as possible, hoping that my past experience as a Regimental Sergeant Major in the Red Cross would rally to my assistance, and at least make me look alert. Fortunately all went well.

I placed the wreath on the designated spot I had been given. The

poppies held a card in place, which read "On behalf of the Sculptor". As I stepped back two paces with my head bowed for a few seconds, I had time to silently pay tribute to Tait, and again express my thanks and appreciation for all the "Power and Influence" he had provided during my lifetime, to include a long, eventfull and successful career. How else could I have retired three times, and then get happily married?

Although I can not imagine what the future chronicles will unfold, inscription on the monument chosen by Tait read:

"If it be life that waits, I shall live forever unconquered.

If death, I shall die at last strong in my pride and free."



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